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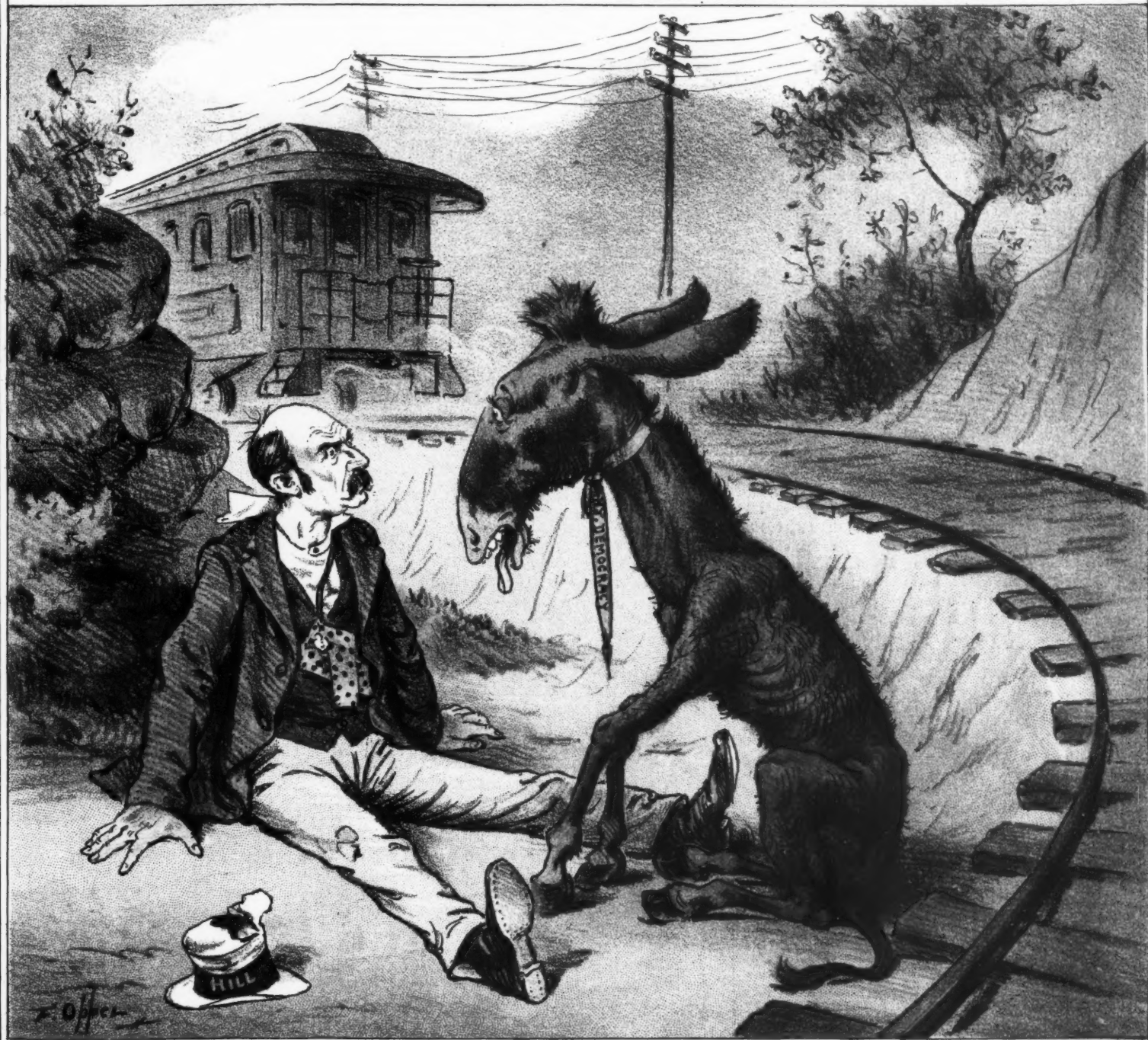


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WELL—?

PUCK.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There is no question about it, the times are growing better, and the standard of public morality has been reasonably high during the last ten years or so. Puck has been in existence eight years and a half, during which time the paper has appeared promptly every Wednesday. Election-days in this country have a habit of falling on Tuesdays. So that on election-weeks Puck's cartoons, which have, of course, to be drawn several days before they are given to the public, must have more or less of the spirit of prophecy in them in order to fully meet the exigencies of the situation. That is to say, we have to know beforehand who is the elected candidate, or, in the simple but expressive slang of the profession, we are "left."

Now, in all these eight years and a half, we have never once been "left." And we do not think, as we present our front-page cartoon this week, that we are going to be "left." As we remarked just now, the standard of public morality has been fairly high for a decade back. We have always been on the right side, and our man has always been elected. Therefore we are of good cheer as to the result of the New York State election, which will take place while Puck is on the press. We hope and believe that Mr. Davenport will be chosen by the people. Yet we will frankly admit that we don't feel quite as sure about it as we should like to feel. We were sure about it a few weeks ago, when the Independent vote was solid for Mr. Davenport, and when thousands of sensible and conscientious Democrats had practically made up their minds not to vote for Mr. Hill, and needed but little encouragement to further make up their minds to vote for Mr. Davenport.

But we had not calculated on the irruption of the gory Foraker and the rest of the Bloody Shirt Brigade. All was going well for Davenport when the far-seeing Republican committee introduced that wild Yahoo from the unchastened West to howl and rave and swing his ensanguined ensign in the peaceful autumn breeze. Who wanted Foraker? The people of Ohio had just elected him Governor, in order to keep him quiet for a little space. They had had to do it. They had no choice between electing him and killing him. Foolishly tender-hearted, they refrained from dipping their hands in his rosy life-blood, and contented themselves with electing him to the office he sought, saying unto themselves: Peradventure he will now be satisfied, and will shut up, and have done and close

his mouth and cease from agitating his jaw, and be silent, and will make gift of a great rest unto us.

But they did not know Foraker. His jaw was beyond his own control. He came East here, at the head of his majority, and he has since done his conscientious best to ruin Mr. Davenport's chances for the Governorship. Davenport may get in—we trust that he will—but Foraker has done more than D. B. Hill could ever do to send the Republican candidate home to Bath, Steuben County, New York. Since Foraker began his ravings, a chilly reserve has settled down upon the Independents, and the Democrats who were half persuaded to become non-partisans for once have gone back under the Bourbon banner of Hill, concluding very justly that if they were really the red-handed traitors that Mr. Foraker called them, it would be an act of indelicacy to offer their votes to his candidate.

It is really impossible to calculate the amount of mischief that the unpatriotic, unprincipled talk of the Forakers and John Shermans can do, not only in a campaign like that just closed in this state, but also in connection with our national politics. It disgusts decent men with politics; it makes them hopeless of better things. It panders to the lowest and meanest prejudices of unthinking men. It strengthens the hands of the heelers and the spoilsmen. It is bad in every way, mischievous, degrading. We cannot tell now how much harm it has done in this instance; we can only hope that Mr. Davenport has not been too severely punished for the folly and meanness of Foraker.

But if it is depressing to think that we still have our Forakers and John Shermans, there is comfort to be found in the fact that there are men holding power in our national affairs who are as far ahead of the times as these petty politicians are behind. President Cleveland is making it every day more manifest that he can be a statesman, a patriot, a reformer and a Democrat, too. We understand that Mr. Cleveland recently gave a check for a thousand dollars to the New York State Democratic Committee. We do not see why he should not have done so. He can afford to. He has given work worth uncounted thousands to the cause of reform. He has striven against many obstacles;

he has made mistake and met with disappointments; but he is going on with courage and a spirit that learns from experience. The strength that his intelligent courage has given to the new movement toward political purity is greater than can be estimated to-day; but it will tell in the struggles that are to come before the final victory is assured.

The banishment of the daily paper from the family breakfast-table cannot be far off. Our daily journals appear, just at present, to be morbidly anxious to do the work of the dirty pink sheets against which there has lately been some stringent legislation. Where we once looked for news, we now find "sensation"—"sensation" simple, if not pure. It seems as if there were no scandal too small, too dirty, too utterly revolting and offensive, to be taken up by the newspapers that a few years ago took pride in keeping their columns clean and appealing to a decent and respectable class of people for their regular support.

If the nasty story can be illustrated with cheap cuts, so much the better. But the rule seems to be to have the nastiness under any circumstances, whether it be pictorial nastiness or not. The worst exaggerations of "reportorial" inquisitiveness and impudence of the past are realities in the present, and the ransacking of private cupboards and closets, in search of skeletons to expose to the eye of morbid curiosity, is to-day a hideous fact that shames the caricatures of the past. If you don't believe this, count the scandals in to-morrow's paper.

A MAN stopped before a book-stall on Nassau Street, the other day, and he hadn't paused more than half-a-minute when a clerk rushed out and said:

"We have a rare chance for any book-lover in the 'New Bath Guide.'"

"I never bathe," was the reply.

"We have a fine cheap set of Strickland's 'Kings and Queens.'"

"I don't play poker," was the reply.

"Well," said the clerk: "here is a great pile of books on this counter for twenty-five cents; you may take your pick."

"All right; my pick is PICKINGS FROM PUCK."

He got it, and was put in such a good humor on the way home that he took his wife to the opera that night, and gave her twenty dollars for a new bonnet in the morning.

Of all newsdealers. Twenty-five cents.

A MEMORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.



AND THE PAPERS CONTAINING THE ACCOUNT WERE WRITTEN, SET UP, PRINTED,
SOLD AND READ WITHOUT VIOLATING THE SABBATH!

A WOMAN'S WAY.



"That's a very pretty dress of yours, dear. It looks just like silk."

"But it *is* silk."

"Oh, dear, I thought it was worsted!"

WHAT THE POSTAGE-STAMP SAW.

There had long been a rivalry between the Postage-stamp and the Post-mark. The Head of Washington, which adorned the former, with its long queue and aristocratic pose, naturally prided itself on its beauty, and this, strange as it may appear, was the bone of contention between them. The Post-mark was not even passably good-looking. It was inky, black and blurred. But that was nothing unusual—who ever saw a Post-mark that was not? And, in taking an inventory of its characteristics, it passed directly over its manifest use, and fixed upon its beauty as the one thing it had in life to vent its pride upon, so given are even Post-marks to imitate the failings of the human race. One day, when the owner of the envelope was out—he was a busy young physician, and was out of his office oftener than he was in it—the Post-mark observed, spitefully, to the Stamp:

"So you are on crooked again, as usual."

"What's that to you?" returned the Stamp, with quiet dignity.

"Oh, the Postmaster often speaks of you," retorted the Post-mark, skillfully evading the question.

"Oh! And what does he say, pray?"

"He says you are the bane of his existence. You are always making trouble somewhere. Why, selling you is the chief annoyance of his life. When he is the busiest, women—garrulous, inquisitive women—always block traffic for half-an-hour or more to inquire about how many of you are needed to carry a letter; and then they give him a ten-dollar bill to buy one of you, and count the change, while the business-men who are back of her use bad language, and rush away to their offices to write petitions to the President asking to have a new Postmaster appointed. Oh, he knows you."

"Well," replied the Stamp, when the Post-mark stopped for breath: "What of it?"

"What, indeed!" returned the Post-mark, stung by its want of interest: "That is not half what he says. You are of such little consequence that men who have anything worth doing in the world often forget to put you on a letter at all, and that causes the Department endless trouble. You don't amount to anything. They generally put you on crooked, and crowd the envelope so that the address is partially covered; or else there is no room to put me on; and I must be put on, or the letter wouldn't go. Take your own case: you are most shamefully awry, and I think the blood

would rush to your head if you had any in your thin old body to rush there."

To all of this the Stamp made no reply. It appeared to be thinking. Finally it observed, as if talking to itself:

"Yes, I am on crooked. That's a fact. But she couldn't help it."

"Who was that you spoke of?" interrupted the Post-mark, which was not without its share of curiosity.

"I don't think I mentioned any name," replied the Stamp, with a glance of rebuke at its inquisitive neighbor: "She carried me in her pocket-book for months. That was before you were born. At that time you were a little blotch of sticky ink and a lump of brass with some figures cut in your head. She carried me next to her letter, and I read it, too—every line of it. I couldn't help it," continued the Stamp, half apologetically: "I was inside the envelope with the writing, where she put me, and I had nothing else to do."

"I don't believe you were put in there at all," interrupted the Post-mark, maliciously: "I believe you crawled in there and intruded yourself on the letter."

"If you were not an ignorant little Post-mark—if you had ever read the history of your own country," retorted the Head of Washington, severely, but not unjustly: "you would not make such a foolish assertion. As I was about to say, I read the letter. It was from the physician. He had spent last summer at her father's house in the country, and she lost her heart to him. When he went away, he left a vacancy in that household that will never be filled. They corresponded, and all the Stamps she had were used up, excepting myself. I was the last. The other day she got this letter from him."

"I don't believe you," interrupted the Post-mark, rudely: "You are making this story up to magnify your own importance. I should ask you to 'come off' if you weren't stuck on so tight."

"Oh!" replied the Stamp, paying no attention to this uncalled-for abuse: "So that is what you would do if you were in my place?"

"No, it isn't," retorted the Post-mark, hotly: "you old slob of mucilage, you old chromo you! If your story hadn't made me so tired, I would tear you off and lick you again."

"As I was about to say," continued the Stamp, calmly, while the Post-mark bit its tongue until it ached: "this letter was from the doctor, and told her he was about to marry another girl. When she read it she turned very white, and I thought she would drop the letter; but she didn't. She simply kissed the dried ink-marks where he had signed his name, and her tears fell on the paper. Then she sat down and wrote to him—I saw the letter; I was lying on the table by her side—that she would like to see the woman he was to marry; she hoped she was good and beautiful, and she prayed he would be happier than he ever dreamed of being; and when she sealed the letter and took me in her hand, I was afraid I wouldn't get on the envelope at all. She couldn't see through her tears. That's the reason I am on crooked. Do you wonder why, now?"

But the Post-mark didn't reply. Perhaps it had gone to sleep, and perhaps it didn't want to expose whatever emotion it might feel. At any rate, when the doctor returned, a few minutes later, and picked up his envelope, he happened to touch the Post-mark.

"Ah!" he exclaimed: "the Government is getting too economical. The ink on this Post-mark is very wet. It is too cheap for use. I must complain to the Postmaster about it."

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

ALIVE AND KICKING—The man who didn't get the post-office he was after.

Puckerings.



WHAT SHE KNEW, AND DIDN'T.

I know why the sun comes up,
I know why the sun goes down,
I know I've a nice little silver cup,
And a pretty snow-white gown,
I know why the flowers blow,
I know why the song-birds fly;
But there's one thing I do not know,
And that's how father can go
To sleep with a big glass eye.

AS STILL AS DEATH—Philadelphia.

THE LEADING HEAVY—Hubert O. Thompson.

A DIAMOND CROSS—From the Home Plate to Second Base.

"BEAR AND FORBEAR" is not a bit of Wall Street philosophy.

HE is a man of horse-sense who doesn't wager his money on the turf.

DO WE think Mahone a daisy? No, we do not. If Mahone is anything, floriculturally, it is a Virginia creeper.

IT is called the Indian summer, in all probability, because it is about the only thing that the Indian can claim as his own.

NEVER BECOME a Prohibitionist, young man; because it is invariably the man who fights the black bottle that is beaten by it in the end.

"FRANK JAMES has gone into the business of selling Missouri liquors." We thought, when Mr. James was pardoned, it was with the explicit understanding that he was to quit killing people.

"THE SPECIAL mail delivery is a good thing," observed Mrs. Auger, who gives Mr. Auger her letters to mail, recently: "but what the married women of this country really need is a special mailing department."

WE HAVE just been informed that a new magazine is shortly to be issued called *The Open Door*. We have not the slightest hesitation in predicting that *The Open Door* will make itself greatly felt, at least, during the season of cyclones and blizzards.

A RECENT DISPATCH from Washington says: "Ex-Governor Pinchback and Private Dalzell had interviews with the President yesterday." From the fact that the President is still able to attend to his duties, we infer that the correspondent was in error.

A PREVARICATING ANGLER recently went out shooting, and in the evening, when asked what luck he had, he forgot himself, and said he shot five quail, four of which he showed, and then stated that the other, which got away from him in the underbrush, weighed five pounds.

HE READ THE WAR ARTICLES.

There was once an ambitious youth who believed that every American should know the history of his country. He, therefore, began the *Century* war articles. Now he has stopped, and the doctor says the reason is cerebral exhaustion.

In his delirious moments this young man writes editorial foot-notes on his bed-spread. When he is particularly crazy he draws a war-map. In lucid intervals his language, revised for publication, is something like this:

"I started in to get a solid grip on the inside facts of the late unpleasantness. Well, the *Century* would come, and I'd find a war article about some fight that happened a year or so before the trouble described in the previous number.

"There was a free-and-easy, backward and criss-cross chronology that shook me up considerably. And there was always enough editing to turn the writer's hair gray, and break the reader all up.

"A man begins to read an account of 'The Battle of Brown's Forks.' The title bristles with stars and daggers. He traces them out at the bottom of the page, and thrills over the information that 'The name of Brown is sometimes erroneously spelled with a final *e*;' but we have followed the local spelling used in the *Brownsville Gazette*.—Ed."

"Another note, signed 'Ed.,' gives the genealogy of the Browns. A third describes in detail the architecture and furnishing of Brown's house. And, just for the sake of variety, 'Ed.' gets in some fine work on the military situation in general, as affected by the battle of Brown's Forks. Then the anxious reader is allowed to peruse the article.

"General A., the writer, explains how he would have whipped the enemy if Colonel B. had come to his support at the proper time.

"Another note from 'Ed.,' who hedges on Colonel B.

"The General describes his line of battle in the lee of Brown's pig-pen. This is accompanied by a picture of the pig-pen and a foot-note by 'Ed.' on the habits of the Southern hog.

"General A. tells, in archaic English, of his heroic charge at the Forks. This is the place

for a picture of some trees, bushes and a mud-puddle. 'Ed.' carefully explains that this shows one Fork, and that the other is behind the left-hand bush. In a burst of confidence he tells us that both Forks are usually dried up.

"Then comes a half-page conundrum called a map. Everybody except 'Ed.' gives it up.

"General A. is still leading on 'my gallant troops,' and 'mowing down the enemy'; so a few real battle-pictures are put in, sprinkled with white blotches, to mean exploding shells. A stock of these is kept on hand.

"There are some photographs of places from one to ten miles distant from Brown's Forks, with minute information as to the direction of the battle-field from these scenes. And there are portraits of all the men of war who had, or might have had anything to do with the fight.

"Toward the close General A. forgets what he said at the beginning. He roundly denies that he was whipped. He declares that he did not retreat, but only made a 'change of front.' He states that he had but one-quarter as many men as the enemy, and modestly insinuates that only his superior generalship saved the day at Brown's Forks."

At this point the speaker suffered a relapse. From his ejaculations of "But," "If," "Perhaps," and "Probably," he appeared to imagine himself composing foot-notes. As his delirium became more acute, he frequently exclaimed: "A gross misstatement," "Wholly erroneous," "Unfounded accusations," and "Insult to his memory," which were taken to be his recollections of the "Memoranda of the Late Civil War."

A copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK restored him to his senses, and he continued:

"You may think this account of the Battle of Brown's Forks is 'clear and graphic,' as the *Century* announced that all the war articles would be. Well, after you have assimilated as many cold facts as you can pick out, the next number of the magazine comes.

"You see an allusion to Brown's Forks, and look it up before grappling with 'The Western Flotilla,' or some other far-off subject. And this is what you find: First, an indignant letter from Brown's widow, insisting that her hus-

band's name is spelled with an *e*. This is followed by a *fac-simile* of the original Browne's signature. So your confidence in 'Ed.' begins to be shaken.

"Smith, an envious neighbor of the Browne's, sends certificates from the grocery-keeper and sheriff, to the effect that the Forks are commonly called by his name.

"Colonel B., accused by General A. of failing to support him, rises up to declare politely that General A. is a liar, and that the General and his men would have been driven into the mud of Smith's Forks if the Colonel had not rescued them.

"A Southern genealogist writes to correct the Browns' family history, and a Virginian agriculturist warmly vindicates the Southern bug from aspersions cast by 'Ed.' upon his habits.

"Captain C.'s letters, forwarded by Colonel B., suggest the Captain's strong suspicion that General A. was intrenched behind a sutler's wagon, instead of leading on his gallant troops. And he asserts that the line of battle was not formed behind Brown's pig-pen, but a mile away.

"Then Brigadier-General D., commanding on the other side, has his innings. He mildly remarks that General A.'s statement as to the relative number of troops is utterly unfounded. He introduces a column or two of figures, which show that General A. had more than twice as many men as he had. He adduces a large amount of testimony to prove that General A.'s 'change of front' was a hopeless rout. In fact, he seems to have exhaustively wiped the ground with General A.

"Now, all this breaks you up considerably. But you can safely count on the final touch. Somebody will come forward and demonstrate that the battle of Brown's and Smith's Forks was of no consequence, after all. But by that time you don't believe there was any battle.

"The *Century* people are going to fill up the bloody chasm. After another year of war articles, denials and explanations, their readers will have just one thing left them—the belief that there never was any war."

FRIENDSHIP'S COÖPERATIVE SCHEME.

There were once Three Young Men who Started Out in Life Together. And they Made an Agreement that None of them Should go into any Business that would Interfere with the Others. They Kept the Agreement. Here they are, following their Respective Professions.



I.



II.



III.

THE PROGRESS OF POLITENESS.—A DREAM OF WHAT MAY YET BE.

The common people are becoming more refined year after year.—Recent Periodical.



OFFICE-BOY.—"I regret, sir, that I cannot with certainty inform you at exactly what hour my respected employer will return."
(Old Style.—"How do I know when the boss 'll be in? He didn't leave no word!")



HOTEL-CLERK.—"I cordially welcome you to our humble hospitality, my dear sir, though it deeply humiliates me to tell you that the sky-parlor is the only room at your disposal, just now."
(Old Style.—"Seven dollars in advance, please. Jimmy, show this man up to number 4-11-44, under the roof!")



MILKMAN.—"Will the good people of this house kindly take notice that the pure and undiluted Orange County milk is at the door?"
(Old Style.—"W-o-w-o-o-p!")



ELEVATED R. R. BRAKEMAN.—"Ladies and gentlemen, will you kindly accelerate your motion as much as possible? Our stoppage here is necessarily short."
(Old Style.—"Step lively, there! This train can't stop here all day!")



HACK-DRIVER.—"It pains me to decline the pleasure and honor of driving you to Harlem for less than two dollars, sir."
(Old Style.—"Two dollars, boss; not a cent less. Do you think I'm drivin' this cab fur my health?")



POLICEMAN.—"I trust you will not be offended, sir, if I take the liberty of informing you that I cannot allow you to stand longer on this corner."
(Old Style.—"Move on, young feller, or I'll club the whole top of your head off!")

THE SUICIDE.

"Farewell, bright world!" he said, looking out of the window across the Commons and Public Garden to where the sun was setting in crimson radiance on the Back Bay.

It was a beautiful evening—the close of one of those rare prize-days that Boston occasionally draws in place of her customary meteorological blanks. To his ears was faintly borne the low chant of the worshipers of Bacchus in the not far distant Temple of Parkerus, on the Street of the Schools, so called from its popularity with the students of a neighboring university; but he heeded it not.

Rich, personally plain, cultured, rude in his manner toward people not in his set, fatuously worshipful and imitative of the casual Englishman, with a wooden conceit and a belief in himself that left but scanty pickings for his Maker, George Prowde had nevertheless failed to realize his chief ambition—despite his eminent qualifications, he had been unable to obtain a standing; to say nothing of a seat, in Boston Society.

He had laid siege to it in the pride of its

season, and again in its moments of relaxation at Baw Hawbor; but all in vain. And now the end had come.

"Farewell, bright world!" he said again, referring to Boston: "So fair and yet so cruel!" And nerving himself for the dreadful deed, he went out upon the street.

A man approached him slowly. An old and feeble man. A timid, mild-mannered man, who would submit to insult, perchance to blows, without a murmur.

George Prowde cast one last glance around him. Then he said to this spiritless and decrepit old citizen:

"Ah, there!"

The columns of the *Evening Lullaby* next day bore the following announcement:

PROWDE.—In this city, Oct. —, of acute popular indignation, George, only son of old Prowde. Funeral from his late residence. Relatives and friends invited to attend without further notice. No flowers.

F. E. CHASE.

FREE LUNCH.

THE FAMILIAR picture of the stage-driver in his old army overcoat sitting up on the box, etched against a clear liquid-blue sky, with his fingers so cold that he can't put a cent of the company's money in his vest-pocket, and a comforter tied over his ears and hat, will be missed this winter on Broadway. He will probably be standing on the front platform of a horse-car, beating his body with his arms to make his blood circulate like PICKINGS FROM PUCK.

DEATH IS, no doubt, a very sad thing, viewed from any point; but the most frivolous, candy-eating, ball-going, kettle-drumming, novel-reading woman in the land will open the morning paper and read the column of death-notices all through before looking at the clerical scandals or elopements.

THOMAS CAREW sings of "The Magic of a Face." We presume this line was inspired when George, on looking at his hand, found it to contain the fourth king.

AN EPISTOLARY SURPRISE.



"WAUKEGAN, Wis., October the 3rd.

Dear Maud:

I suppose by this time you have heard That I have been married. I thought that to-night

The letter that's long overdue I would write. I'm longing to see you, to tell you the news Of the wedding—the crowd was too big for the pews.

Do you know that mama, I am grieved to confess, Suggested my wearing a traveling-dress? But I rose on the spot, and I kicked in my might, Till I got a sweet dress that was satin and white; And the presents I got were both rich and expensive;

And piled in three rooms, you can bet, were extensive

Butter-knives, soup-ladles, little French clocks, And sweet little coffee-cups. Pa, who's in stocks, Came out of his shell, like a darling papa, With a cool hundred shares of Preferred Omaha. We went on a tour to the Yellowstone Park, And now we are back, and I tell you that Mark— By the way, I have not yet unfolded his name. You remember that bright day when playing a game

Of tennis—the fellow who said he was Scotch, For the sake of a jest at Franconia Notch? Well, he is my husband—"

The letter to bits, Unfinished, now in the wind wantonly flits. "What—Mark!" cries the reader, with tears in her eye:

"I looked upon Mark as my personal pie!"

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.

We wish to call the attention of those American parents who are represented in European newspapers and periodicals as scouring the Old World each successive summer for titled husbands for their daughters, and who are alleged to be willing to purchase foreign aristocrats at almost any price, to the opportunity of a life-time. Right here in our own city is a superior article in this line, only waiting to knock himself down to the highest bidder. There are positively no drawbacks to the consummation of a satisfactory bargain. The article in question has none of the faults universally ascribed to gentlemen of his lineage and breeding. He is—but he shall describe himself.

His advertisement reads:

A REFINED FRENCH GENTLEMAN, 32 YEARS OF AGE, considerate, handsome, speaks good English, German, etc., no bad habits, holding a distinguished title and position, with a good income, in the Mexican Government, now on a business-tour in New York, desires to form the acquaintance of a single or widowed lady, from 20 to his own age, with also an income or means in her own right. Only *bona fide* letters with full particulars will be answered. Ladies not in the above position, or desirous only to amuse themselves, will please not answer. The highest and most satisfactory reference will be given. For interview or correspondence, address,

REFINED GENTLEMAN, *Herald* Office.

There is a fascination in the very significance of this chaste and simple petition, and scores of letters addressed to the refined gentleman have probably been received, while hundreds more are doubtless on the way. Still, there may be hope for those who only now learn of the opportunity, if they will take advantage of it at once. The chance is certainly worth an effort; for seldom, indeed, are so many charms blended as the refined gentleman admits are combined in his person. Men of his distinguished title and position, subjected to all the fawning, flattery and adulation implied thereby, almost invariably contract evil and vicious habits, become vain and selfish, or impoverish themselves by dissipation. Yet he remains considerate, his disposition is pleasant, he has no bad habits, and he possesses a good income. He is also modest and unostentatious, for he states his claims to eligibility with great moderation, and

instead of flaunting his distinguished title, he only asserts, quietly, its possession. However, this restraint may be a diplomatic move, the refined gentleman fearing to daze the single and widowed ladies with his magnificence, lest their natural timidity should prevent their seeking an interview.

Other traits likewise mark the refined gentleman as a superior article. One might naturally anticipate that a man of his wealth, position and advantage of person would become something of a gallant, perhaps somewhat in the Lothario line; but, though he makes no claim to any high degree of morality, as another in his position might have done, indications point him out as a man of character and principle, inasmuch as—actuated, perhaps, by the same considerations that held the sorrowful Werther aloof from Mrs. Charlotte, when he

"— for all the wealth of Indies Would do nothing for to hurt her"—

the refined gentleman distinctly states that he desires only the acquaintance of single and widowed ladies. Fair game is all he asks, and, indeed, he goes so far as to request others not to answer his advertisement.

A fault that a hypercritical person might find with the refined gentleman's appeal is a trifling lack of information concerning details of person. The single and widowed ladies who will write to request interviews might like to know beforehand whether he is short or tall, or fat or lean; whether his complexion is dark or light, and whether his members are all sound and his faculties in working-order.

To be sure he states that he is handsome, but, obviously, refers only to his features, and, however pleasing his countenance, his *tout ensemble* might not be considered agreeable if he should turn out to be bow-legged or flat-chested. For all that is to be learned from the advertisement, the refined gentleman may be a hopeless invalid with but one leg, an attack of bronchitis, and false teeth.

Envious and malicious persons will, of course, advance the argument that if the advertiser possessed all the advantages of position and disposition he claims, he would not find it necessary to thus make by force his merits known, as it were, in order to find a young or widowed lady possessing the qualifications he desires. These persons should not be listened to, however. The chance to secure the refined gentleman is, as has been previously stated, one of a life-time, and it is to be sincerely hoped that it may not be neglected.

F. MARSHALL WHITE.

SIR LEOPOLD MCCLINTOCK, Sir George Nares and a few other gentlemen have been appointed by the British Association for the Decrease of Population to draw attention to the desirability of further research in the Antarctic regions. We knew the northwest passage was lost, but we didn't suppose any one would ever think of looking for it down there. The training which Englishmen have received in hunting for the points of their own native jokes is beginning to bear fruit.

"SIR JAMES PAGET has been tracing the course in life of 1,000 medical students, taken at random from an English institute." This is good; but if Sir James wants to undertake a job that he can finish much more easily, let him trace the course in life of their patients. All he will need to do will be to take a walk to the nearest cemetery.

"THE WEIGHT of drops is shown by M. Boymond's investigations to present some peculiar variations." Possibly; but there is no variation in the weight of the drop taken by the man who bet on the wrong candidate.

A PRECISE STATEMENT.



NERVOUS OLD LADY.—"John, you're drunk!"
THE NEW COACHMAN.—"No'm! Burriwillbe! Wai' t'l I gerrat them d'canters 'f yours—shee a howlin' cyclone!"

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE SCHEME proposed by an inventor for lighting up the Atlantic Ocean by means of a line of lightships stretching from shore to shore looks very attractive; but there is one possibility which has not been thought of in connection with it. No sooner would the line of ships be put in their places than the world would be startled by the revelation that the whole business had been subsidized by a great corporation. What corporation? Why, an ice-company, of course. These ships would stretch clear across the summer lines of ice-berg travel. All the ice-company would have to do would be to have the officers of the lightships instructed to catch and impound all stray ice-bergs that came in their way, and telegraph the intelligence to shore. Then the ice-company would send out a steamer and tow the berg in, cut it up and store it away in the ice-houses, to be ladled out in the future to customers in small blocks at large prices.

OH, THE wind, the merry old wind,
Sends the ship flying over the sea,
And it softly blows the scent of the rose
Up from the meadow unto me.
It whirls the leaves, the pretty gold leaves,
In shining eddies along the way,
And sendeth the brown nuts tumbling down
Where the sumachs stand in their fezzes gay.
But, oh, the wind, the merry old wind,
That will open the violet by-and-by,
Can nevermore be very solid with me,
For it's blown a hot cinder into my eye.

MRS. HELEN W. PIERSON has written "The Lives of the Presidents" in words of one syllable for the benefit of children. The book is very highly spoken of, and is, no doubt, a valuable addition to the literature of childhood. We have not yet had the pleasure of glancing at Mrs. Pierson's work, and we therefore have great curiosity to know how she ever reduced to one syllable such words as "Speckled beauties," "Pass the whiskey," "Great Cæsar! what a big fellow that was!" etc.

AGAIN THE chestnuts patter down,
Again the pig is ripe,
And in the stubble, faded, sere,
The quail begins to pipe.
Again the country-boy looks down
The gun that's made of lead—
No more he'll need his nickel skates
Or little scarlet sled.

THIS is an age of skepticism. An exchange observes: "Bridget Farley died in West Stratford, Conn., on Saturday night, at the alleged age of 104 years, 2 months and 5 days." We are surprised that the item does not read: "The alleged Bridget Farley is said to have died in the alleged town of West Stratford, in the so-called State of Connecticut, at the alleged age of 104 years, 2 months and 5 days, but the fact lacks corroboration."

OH, WHAT can be the matter?
For seven weeks or more
There's been no revolution
On Cuba's feverish shore.

IF THERE is any truth in the assertion that the fathers of all marriageable girls can send a wooer off the stoop and into the road in one kick, and that they are all such prodigious kickers, would it not be a good scheme to select from these won't-be fathers-in-law a sufficient number to constitute a foot-ball team? If the Western humorist can be relied upon, they would soon take the championship out of the colleges.

OF COURSE.



No, it isn't a line of depositors at the door of a broken bank. It is only a few Chicago newspaper reporters waiting to interview Canon Farrar, under the impression that he is a distinguished English actor.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON finds that the cat resists suffocation three times as long as the dog, on the average, and in one instance nine times as long. This should prove a valuable lesson to the man who has a back hall-bedroom. When he wants to kill a cat, let him use the boot-jack, and not try suffocation.

THE TREES are silent in murky dreams,
In orange beauty they glow and burn,
Till each one unto the poet seems
Like a goblet, brimming with gold Sauterne

HENRY TAYLOR once said: "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." If Henry had ever read an editorial on a candidate in an opposition paper on the morning after the nomination, he would probably have entertained a very different opinion.

IT is impossible to say that cold weather has arrived when every caller carefully closes the door on departing, and every apple-stand keeper can sit by his fruit and read the newspapers, and not be obliged to dance to keep warm.

LESSON IN ETYMOLOGY.
SCHOOL-TEACHER.—"What is a substantive?"
MICKEY (son of the leader in the 'Steenth Ward').—"It's the man what goes to the Con-
vintion whin you can't go yourself."

THE SMALL BOY may not be in the habit of kissing the rod, but it cannot be denied that in the spring-time he joyously eats the birch.

Answers for the Anxious.

S. S., JR.—If you are as old as your jokes, you ought to know better.

TOMMY TRY.—We like perseverance; but it is our opinion that the less you have of it in your present attempt to write humorously, the greater will be your chances of an enduring popularity.

CLIPPER JOE.—You are altogether too breezy, piratical and generally nautical for us. We don't know a bobstay from a close-hauled keelson, and, what is more, we don't believe that you do, either.

L. B. R.—It isn't a poem, and if it was, we shouldn't want it. We sincerely trust that we make our meaning perfectly clear and comprehensible. It would pain us greatly to leave your young soul encompassed by any shadow of doubt on this important subject.

AN APPLICATION.

DOGTOWN, Missouri, November 2nd, 1885.
To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I notice that Mr. Howells has contracted with Harper Bros. to furnish them with the entire product of his pen, and, desiring to make a similar arrangement with some first-class publication, I hereby tender you my literary services on the same plan. I have never had anything published, but am laying in a rattling big stock of MSS., so that I can start off with a rush and a boom when I get ready to plunge into print.

When I begin to publish, I wish to lend the weight and prestige of my name and work to some deserving paper or periodical, and it is partly for this reason that I make you this proposition. I write with the fluency of a sewing-machine, never have to correct anything, and can handle one subject as well as another, from roller-skating down to metaphysics. I could furnish you with about eight pounds of matter per week, and what you couldn't use yourself you could retail to other papers at a handsome profit. I write my stuff on perfumed paper with violet ink, and I always compose poetry with a fragrant bouquet on my desk. It may not be amiss to say that poetry is my strong point, though I would not be understood as intimating that I have any weak points in the matter of literary composition.

I am an excellent bicyclist, and have not been sick in ten years. There is no well authenticated case of consumption or insanity in my family, with the exception of a distant cousin, who lost his mind after a hard fall from a cherry-tree. I think you have now a grand opportunity before you, and if you wish to close the contract, reply at once. If you think that you could not stand the strain on your exchequer that would be entailed by an arrangement of this sort, I would be obliged if you would name the Eastern magazine or paper that would probably be willing to make the largest pecuniary outlay in order to secure the monopoly of my literary services. Of course, I would not write for any "snide" or "shoddy" publication at any price. I will work for the best or none. When I enter the temple of literary fame, I intend to pull off a few shingles, and crawl in through the roof at the very start. None of your gradual hill-climbing business for me.

Yours with great respect,
STREPHON TOMPKINS.



COLUMBUS CLEVELAND AND HIS MUTINOUS CREW



THE CREW.—"THIS SHIP SHALL NOT TURN BACK!"

HORE AND MOLASSES.

PRETTY SOON it will be altogether too cold and unpleasant for the office-boy to go out and toss a base-ball about in the City Hall Park. It will also be too cold for him to sneak down to the river for a fish or a swim. When he is sent on an errand, he will have to run to keep warm; but when he runs, he will not forget to run so fast that his employer will think he has ridden, and he, the office-boy, will pocket the car-fare, and hang around the office, sighing and yearning for the return of the bluebird.

THE DOG doth like a meteor wing
Across the carpet red,
And, like a mad impassioned thing,
Shoots underneath the bed;
His eyes bulge out and his face looks solemn,
And you may wager a thousand hats
That he is raking his spinal-column
For all he is worth on the creaking slats.

A BOSTON MAN who borrowed fifteen hundred dollars from a capitalist for one year, and was given silver dollars, has refused to pay any interest. He presented a counter-claim for drayage and storage which amounted to fully as much as the insurance.

BAPTISTE DUCHARME, a citizen of Missoula County, M. T., whose lithograph appears in a history of Montana, now in Helena, is one hundred and five years of age, and at last accounts was engaged in shingling his house with his own hands.—*Exchange.*

That was probably the most economical way he could do. He certainly hasn't much more use for his hands; but we doubt whether they will keep out the rain as well as wooden shingles.

A FRESH MALADY has been discovered, which explains itself by its name, "tennis-elbow." We trust it may not become popular to speak of a sick-listed lawn-tennison as one who crooks his elbow too freely, without explaining the how and why of it.

MR. EVARTS may be a heavy-weight in some respects; but he could never secure the position of coal-cart driver in a coal-yard that always weighs the driver with the coal.

THE COUNTRY is safe. President Cleveland can breathe easily once more. The Philanthropic Society of Fort Wayne College, Ind., has decided "That the indications of the times do not point to the downfall of our Republic."

ACCORDING TO an exchange, "George Toller, aged 41 years, lost the ends of both thumbs and several fingers by picking at a cartridge with a needle." It is not so stated, but it is believed he lost the cartridge also.

A MASSACHUSETTS SCIENTIST has discovered a round piece of rock formed in twenty layers, each of a different color. It is believed that some one must have imposed a piece of Massachusetts jelly-cake upon the old man.

CHICAGO is said to desire a deceased great man to start a new park with. We may remark that that is about the only kind of great man it is likely to secure.

OH, THE servant-girl, the servant-girl, she is the
bane of life,
She fries the steaks, and steals your clothes, and
fills your soul with strife.
She throws the silver in the swill, and when the
room she dusts,
She drives holes in the Meissoniers and dis-
locates the busts.
And when you for the parlor go a-flying through
the hall,
You are in time to see her knock the nozzle off
St. Paul.
The servant-girl, the servant-girl, I think she
ought to be
With twenty grindstones round her neck ten
leagues beneath the sea.

"ASIA POSSESSES the most powerfully equipped hornets." One of them has evidently escaped and taken up his residence in King Milan's bonnet.

YOUR JOKE, J. B. A., on small-pox in an Irish neighborhood being a sort of pit-a-pat affair, is disrespectfully declined.

JUST AT present the trees are pretty well weather-stripped.

THE EVOLUTED REPORTER.

The reporter of to-day is not the reporter of twenty years ago. This may be news. It certainly is a fact. Then he used to be a newspaper man. Now he is a journalist. Comparative analyses of a typical reporter of the then and of the now show the following interesting results:

| I. | |
|--|------|
| <i>Component Parts of the Reporter Twenty Years Ago.</i> | |
| 1. Note-book | .10 |
| 2. Cheek | .10 |
| 3. Get-up-and-get | .05 |
| 4. Never-get-left | .05 |
| 5. Facts—grammar or no grammar | .10 |
| 6. Blood-curdling sensations | .05 |
| 7. Printer | .04 |
| 8. Hail-fellow-well-met | .10 |
| 9. Capacity, (liquid measure,) | .25 |
| 10. " (free lunch,) | .15 |
| 11. Ready-made clothes | .01 |
| 12. Style | .00 |
| Total | 1.00 |

| II. | |
|--|------|
| <i>Component Parts of the Reporter of the Present Day.</i> | |
| 1. Note-book | .01 |
| 2. Short-hand | .01 |
| 3. Long-hand, (plain,) | .02 |
| 4. " (picturesque,) | .07 |
| 5. Grammar—facts or no facts | .03 |
| 6. Sweetness and light | .08 |
| 7. Fondness for flirting | .09 |
| 8. Detective ability, (in his mind,) | .05 |
| 9. Legal ability | .01 |
| 10. Medical ability, (all schools,) | .01 |
| 11. Theological knowledge, (eclectic,) | .02 |
| 12. Political knowledge | .01 |
| 13. Scientific knowledge | .01 |
| 14. Sporting knowledge | .02 |
| 15. Art critic, (no knowledge required,) | .01 |
| 16. Musical critic | .01 |
| 17. Dramatic critic | .02 |
| 18. College education | .01 |
| 19. Polyglotings | .01 |
| 20. All-around expert | .01 |
| 21. Memory for names, dates, faces and facts | .00 |
| 22. Poker | .10 |
| 23. Power to absorb news by sound in a telegraph office, without moving a muscle | .01 |
| 24. Never to refuse a drink | .02 |
| 25. Never to pass a free lunch | .03 |
| 26. Photography | .04 |
| 27. Kleptomania for MS. sermons | .02 |
| 28. All foreign affairs | .00 |
| 29. Clothes made to order | .10 |
| 30. "Good form"—as per best club-models, in speech and manner | .17 |
| Total | 1.00 |

From which the critical student will observe that while it takes a good deal more to make the reporter of the living present than it did to make the reporter of the dead past, the modern example is spread out pretty thin, in spots. But when there is only one spot apiece on three of his cards, and these are fortified by a pair of kings, he is a holy terror on jack-pots.

NOAH COUNT.

A WISE ST. LOUIS physician cured a case of alcoholism by prescribing opium. He then cured the opium habit by giving cocaine. Now he is searching for a cure for the cocaine habit.

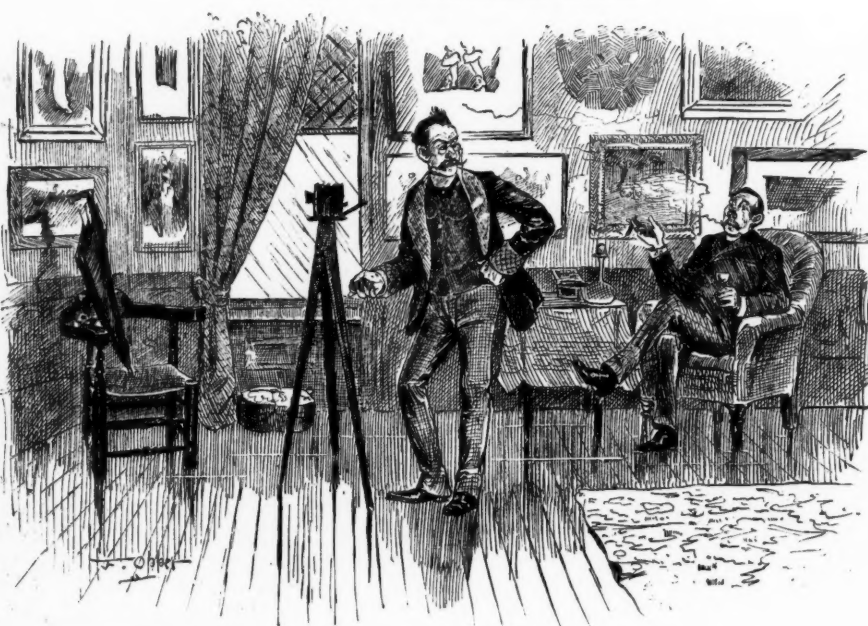
POLICE!

We like not abbreviation.
And when we scribble "can't!"
It 's to raise some jubilation
As a rhyme to "elephant."

But perhaps it would raise more laughter
If we should write it out "cannot,"
And the pachyderm bring in after,
And call him an "elephantnot."

THE APPLETONS have just issued a "German Verb Drill." It must be made of cold-steel, with a diamond point, and capable of standing any amount of sledge-hammering.

A LONG FAREWELL.



FRIEND.—"What on earth are you photographing the umbrella for, dear boy?"
AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—"You said you wanted to borrow it to go home with, and I'm getting something to remember it by, that's all."

THE UNINTELLECTUAL LIFE.

After Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

LETTER III.

To a Philistine Who Disliked Decorative Art.

When I met you at the Lyceum Theatre the other night, I knew by the gleam in your eye that you had trouble in your soul. I knew that you were displeased, and something told me that what annoyed you was the appearance of the theatre.

You said "Humph!"

And when a man says "Humph!" in the tone of voice that you employed, it signifies contempt that cannot be measured by the mere observation of a moment. However, it was no more than I expected. I saw at once that you had dropped into the place by accident, that you had never been there before, and that if you had known what kind of house it was, you would not have gone there.

After the first act you opened up your remarks on the subject, and gave me to understand that you did not approve of "all that millinery work" in a theatre. Why couldn't they build theatres as they used to in the old, old days, with nice white and gold decorations? What was the use of trimming them with cloth and plush and fancy lights? And then that music-pavilion—what kind of thing was that to have in a theatre?

Now, the music-pavilion was your strong point. I agreed with you to a certain extent in regard to that. The music-pavilion does savor somewhat of clap-trap, but not so far as its decorations go. The mere fact of having a music-pavilion, and exhibiting in it a mean, piping bantam of an orchestra is to be severely criticized. But if the Lyceum Theatre management had in the pavilion a fine large orchestra, and gave artistic music, in keeping with the tone of the auditorium, your dislike of the music-pavilion would be groundless.

What you didn't like was the decorative art in the theatre. And you don't appear to like it anywhere. You want to stick to the old-fashioned ways. The good old Brussels carpets, with their enormous white and yellow roses in a gold frame with a crimson background, are good enough for you. Plain rectangular old cane-seated chairs fill you with unspeakable satisfaction. You hate a Queen Anne cottage. You despise a Greek frieze, and a dado fills you with impotent rage.

I am sorry for you. I lay aside an hour each day to be devoted to the contemplation of my grief over your sufferings. It must be a bitter thing for you to stand still and see the world going ahead all the time, while you are powerless to prevent it. If I could suggest some way by which you could stop this steady advance, perhaps I would take pity enough on you to do it, and perhaps I wouldn't.

I think you would be a better husband and a kinder father if you liked decorative art better. You probably don't see why that should be; but I can't help that.

A man who is susceptible to the refinements with which a home can be surrounded will be more susceptible to the attractions of a good wife and bright children.

A man who lives in a rectangular, hard-finished, bald-headed room is apt to become rectangular, hard-finished and bald-headed in his nature.

He who surrounds himself with beauty and elegance will drink in something of those qualities with the very air he breathes.

You don't know a good thing when you see it. You think you do, but you don't. Just remember that, my dear boy, and it will improve your ethics as well as your aesthetics.

You are one of those curious specimens of humanity who wouldn't for the world be seen

riding in Central Park in a buggy of the old-fashioned sort. Nothing would do for you there but the newest style of side-bar wagon, a fine young horse, and the latest thing in harness.

But you don't mind letting your wife live in a room that is papered with horrible imitations of parrots in the last throes of cholera, and red-shirted Italian brigands looking at them from behind a mountain ten feet high.

You wouldn't wear clothing that was old and shabby; but you would sit on straight-backed, ugly chairs, and look with scorn upon a Louis XIV. chiffoniere.

You have my sympathy. I hope you will take good care not to be too good in this world. If you do, do you know what will happen to you?

You will go, when you die, to a place more beautiful than any you have ever seen before, where gold and silver and jewels will ornament the very streets with a perfection of decorative art that will make you utterly miserable for all eternity.

Take my advice. Sin, and go to the other place.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE EDITOR'S GRIEF.

The editor is weeping in his easy-cushioned chair; He wipes his eyes upon his sleeve, and tears his curly hair,

And while the pearly tear-drops seem his very soul to drain,

He looks about as mournful as a raven in the rain.

He has a gorgeous office, rich with *bric-a-brac* and books, While at you peep rare statuettes from bright and cosy nooks,

The whole surroundings of the place would make a man suppose

The editor as happy as a bee upon a rose.

But his heart is full of anguish, and his soul is full of fret— He has just returned "A Rondeau to an April Violet," And the sorrow keen that makes him every sense of comfort lack

Will give the author some idea of the great overpowering grief which holds sway over the editor's soul every time he folds his printed regrets—vulgarily called "the grand bounce"—

Around a flight of fancy ere he sends it booming back.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Good long credit has a fascination for any man, and the farmers out in Prairie Land are not exceptions to this rule. There was a farmer out in Nebraska (pronounced New Brasky), who built a house on his farm for \$65. That was cash, so he made it cheap. Then along came a lightning-rod man who only wanted \$10 cash and a thirteen months' note, and the delighted farmer had \$170 worth of lightning-rods put up on that house. About twenty miles further on, the lightning-rod man found a settler living in a "dug-out"—a cave scratched in the side of a hill. The hill never had been struck by lightning, "that anybody knowed of," but when the agent said he only wanted \$1 down and a ten months' note, the dweller in the "dug-out" closed with the offer at once, and had him put \$10 worth of lightning-rods up on the hill.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A NATURALIST, who has just returned from Spain, says that the natives keep locusts in cages "for the sake of their music." We suspect it would be a little more expensive to hire a boy to file a saw all day, but the "music" would be more edifying.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE cigar that is called imported is about as appropriately named as the hired-girl we call domestic.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

LA FERME CIGARETTES.—100 Cigarettes, assorted, mailed free to any address in U. S. on receipt of \$2.
Eckmeyer & Co., Sole Agents, 42 Beaver St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.



A GOOD REASON.

MARGARET (whose beau is in the cavalry).—"Mrs. Ogden, Corporal Williams wants to know whether you would object to his coming oftener than once a week? You see, ma'am, I shine up his sword and buttons with Sapolio, and inspection comes very frequently now, ma'am."

At the Lock.

"Lock, ho! lock!" the rowers cry, as up the river they float:
Open your gates, O nut-brown maid, for my lady's pleasure boat;
Turn your windlass, open the sluice, and let the waters rise:
My little lady will rest awhile and view the sunset skies.

Fair she is as you are dark, O maid of the sunburnt skin;
She is like the lilies, that toil not, and neither do they spin;
Her slender feet and her languid hands have a high-born
grace, you see,
And even her pug conducts himself like a pug of high degree.

Do your eyes behold her wistfully, poor toiler by the gate,
Whose daily bread must still be won by labor early and late?
Do not murmur; remember this—that honest toil is blest,
And he that works most faithfully has earned the sweetest rest.

Perhaps (who knows?) my lady's eyes look wistfully at you,
Heedless of roughened fingers, or foot in clumsy shoe:
The world she moves in covers ill deeds with rich disguise,
And the fairest faces sometimes mask "a ruined house of lies."

Perhaps if the hidden secrets of both hearts could be told,
You would not change with my lady for all her rank and gold;

You would pity the lovely creature in all her silk attire,
And thank the Lord for the sweetness of love at your desire.

For here is the little sister that clings about your neck,
So loving always, and gentle, ready to run at your beck;
And a step away from the river rises the busy mill,
Where for your sake, O nut-brown maiden, somebody works with a will!

Turn your windlass, open the sluice: the waters rise again;
My lady's dog and my lady step into the boat again;
She smiles as her lover greets her—who knows if the smile is true?
But the oars flash in the sunlight, and they vanish from your view.

So let the wistful longing vanish from heart and eyes,
And look what a golden glory over the river lies!
Sky and water together equally overspread
With a royal blending of color, gold and purple and red.

Gold and purple and scarlet are blossoming too at your feet,
Thorny crown of the thistle, primrose yellow and sweet,
Flaming cone of the sumac, yarrow and golden-rod,
And a splendor of silken tassels from the milkweed's burst-ing pod.

Round them, seeking for plunder, hums a belated bee,
And a robin twitters a sleepy song in yonder maple-tree;
Soon the day's toil will be over, shut the gates for the night:
Somebody waits to walk with you in the golden evening light.

Herein let your heart be thankful: the sturdy strength of your hand,

With love to sweeten your truth in which meek souls find rest,
And better than all is the labor in which meek souls find rest,
That God, who gives each his portion, knows what for each is best.

—*Mary Bradley in Godey's.*

No Aristocrats Need Apply.

One day big, handsome Ben Le Fevre was laving his rotund and jovial personality in a marble bathtub in the House bath-rooms at the capitol.

While he was disporting himself in tepid water, made foaming with scented soaps, and was about ready to be rubbed dry by the attendant, a messenger came down and called to him from the outside that there were some gentlemen above anxious to see him on important business for a moment, as they were obliged to depart hurriedly to catch a train.

"Who are they?" called the general, blowing the water out of his mustache with a snort like a porpoise.

"They are some gentlemen from Ohio, sir."

"Are they people from my district?" asked Ben.

"Yes, sir," answered the messenger.

"Then for heaven's sake don't send them down here. Shut the doors there and keep them out. Good Lord! if any of them find I bathe in a marble tub and am rubbed down by a nigger instead of going down to the creek and drying myself with my shirt, it will lose me a thousand votes."

The unterrified and unwashed constituents didn't get in.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

LEGAL ETHICS.—A Rhinoceros, having run down a Lawyer, stood over the Prostrate man for a Moment to gloat upon his Prize, when the Victim made an Earnest Appeal for his Life, claiming that he would some day Return the great Favor. The Rhinoceros Deliberated for a while, and then Decided to let the Lawyer go. Several weeks afterward the Beast got into a Row with an Elephant and killed him, and Fearing trouble he went to the Lawyer and said, "Now is your time to Return that Favor. I want you to Defend my Case." "Oh—ah—exactly," stammered the Lawyer, "but you are just too late. Only last night the Friends of the Elephant Retained me to help Prosecute you. Sorry, you know, but first come first Served." Moral: When you get a lawyer on the Hip never let go.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE man who didn't know there was any difference between plurality and majority must grin and bear it. This will probably be an open winter, and they say a folded newspaper placed on the small of the back is an excellent substitute for a \$25 beaver overcoat.

Re-Issues.

It is not the anonymous writer's name that interested parties want; it is his scalp.

Very few cities have the sagacity to send their municipal officers away by subscription when the city needs a rest.

Teacher: "If your brother should have six apples and give you two—" Little boy: "You don't know him. He ain't that kind of a brother."

"Irish & English" is the name of a Buffalo (N. Y.) firm; and the queerest thing about it is that Mr. Irish is English and Mr. English is Irish.

A Boston lady recently hired a plumber to remove a dead rat from the wall. The following bill was rendered: "To hunting up a smell and repairing it, \$4.00."

When a tramp sees a woman with a pistol or a gun in her hands he goes right on without winking, but let her appear on the scene with a dipper of hot water and he makes tracks like a kangaroo.

A cynical observer says that the main idea of English journalism seems to be to say everything in the dulllest possible way, and the main idea of American journalism seems to be to say nothing in the smartest possible way.

A stylish-looking umbrella fell down the stairs of one of the French theaters the other day. A gentleman picked it up and was examining it to see if any of the ribs were broken, when upon closer observation he discovered it was Sarah Bernhardt.

•Music teacher—"Your daughter, Mrs. Jones, has real musical talent. She ought to have a thorough training." Mrs. Jones—"That's just what I was telling Mr. Jones to-day, and we agreed to hire a competent teacher for her after she has finished her next quarter with you."

An ornamental knob has been devised for attachment to a lady's belt, so that men can "swing partners" without that offensive familiarity which has thrown a gloom over the festive dance. With another knob on the shoulder, dancing might be as proper as swinging a scythe snath.

Mrs. Masham—"What a lot of dust there is, Mabel! Shall we have the hood of the carriage put up in front?" Mabel—"Oh, no, we shouldn't see anybody." Mrs. Masham—"Shall we have it up behind, then?" Mabel—"Oh, that would be still worse, for nobody could see us."

"There is a loquacity which tells nothing," sneeringly said a city man to his chattering wife. The next night he returned from the lodge, laid his coat on the bed, put his boots on the bureau, and flung himself over the back of a chair; and his wife quietly remarked, "There is a silence which tells much."

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"—"On the shelf next to the pepperment." "Oh!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it." "Well, for goodness's sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet, or you'll wake the baby."

"Do you belong to the Toboggan Club, Mr. Smith?" asked a little boy of a Saratoga resident. "Oh, yes," Mr. Smith replied, "I am one of the original members of the club." "I'd just like to see you riding once," went on the little boy enthusiastically. "Ma says she never saw a man go down hill so fast as you do."

A delegation once called on Lincoln to push a candidate for Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, and urged as one ground that residence in that fine climate would benefit his delicate health. Lincoln replied, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for the place, and they are all sicker than your man."

"You can't add different things together," said a school-teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows." The little son of a milkman held up his hand and said, "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water to a quart of milk, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."

Poor young artist—"This picture is an exact copy, madame, of Raphael's 'Madonna,' which sold for \$125,000." Madame—"And how much do you ask for this picture?" Artist—"Two dollars and a quarter." Madame—"What is the cause of such a wide difference in price?" Artist—"Competition, madame. The business is not what it used to be."

A New York merchant gives some curious instances how fashions are primarily determined by society women's jealousy of those beneath them. Thus they wore ulsters for a while, till the shop-girls adopted them and looked much prettier in them than the society girls, being usually handsomer and better shaped. So with banged hair: the former wore it till they were outshone by the salesgirls, and now they comb their hair straight back.

THE**TRAVELERS****INSURANCE COMPANY.**

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Preferred Class includes Merchants, Bankers, Clerks, Lawyers, Clergymen, Physicians, Editors, Teachers, Artists, Postmasters; also Actors, Auctioneers, Barbers, Book Agents, Commercial Travelers, Letter Carriers, Photographers, Telegraphers, etc. **\$5 for each \$1,000 insurance with \$5 weekly indemnity.**

Ordinary Class includes Supervising Architects, Bakers, Bookbinders, Brewers and Distillers, Dyers, Engravers, Cigar Makers, Stationary Engineers, Farmers (supervising only) and Gardeners, Harness Makers, Horse-Car Men, Machinists, Milkmen, Millers, Paper Hangers, Paper Makers, Pavers, Peddlers, Porters, Plumbers, Printers, Sheriffs, Shoemakers, Tin and Copper Smiths, Tanners and Curriers, Weavers, etc. **\$7.50 per \$1,000 and \$5 weekly.**

Medium Class includes Blacksmiths (not shoeing horses), Butchers, Carpenters (shop work, not using circular saw), Cabinet and Carriage Makers, Coopers, Cutlers, Ferry-men, Glass Blowers, Hostlers, Horse Dealers, Teamsters, and Veterinary Surgeons, Laborers, Masons, Mining Engineers, House and Sign Painters, Jailers, Policemen, Soap Boilers, Stone Cutters, Turners, Wheelwrights, etc. **\$10 per \$1,000 and \$5 weekly.**

Special Class includes Carpenters and Joiners (general work), Bridge Builders, Laboring Farmers, Millwrights, Stevedores. **\$12.50 per \$1,000 and \$5 weekly.**

NOTE.—Railroad Men, Miners, Iron and Steel Workers, Tube Makers, Lumbermen, Employees in Lumber Mills and in Cutlery, Glass, and Wooden Ware Works, Oil Men, Firemen, and Captains or Mates of Vessels, are graded in many special classifications; for which, and for all occupations not here specified, see Agents.

RESOURCES AND RECORD, JULY 1, 1885.

Paid-up Cash Capital, - \$600,000

Total Assets, \$8,055,533.39

Total Liabilities, 5,966,723.00

Surplus as regards Policy-holders, \$2,088,810.39

Amount returned to Life Policy-holders, \$3,165,338.38

Am't returned to Accident Policy-holders, \$7,741,252.94

Total Losses paid, \$10,906,591.32

All Claims paid without delay or discount on receipt of satisfactory proofs.

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This is the last page of the November issue; but the most interesting as well as important part of it is the last column, which in substance can be found in any issue. Do not forget that one of THE TRAVELERS' policies is the most valuable possession, and one of the cheapest, in the world.

WHEN the FIRST COOL CHILLINESS of the FALL developes, NOTHING can give more comfort than a **HOT DRINK** made from the Genuine Brown's Ginger, a teaspoonful or two with a few lumps of sugar and a half a pint of boiling water. It causes the skin to act, and strengthens and comforts.

Frederick Brown,
Philadelphia.

A FARMER once called his cow "Zephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr.
When the farmer drew near,
She kicked off his ear,
And now the old farmer 's much dephyr.
—Goodall's Sun.

A Dog, meeting a Fox with a Hen in his mouth, accused Reynard of Burglary. The Fox, having his mouth full, did not deign to reply; but, after having eaten his Supper, went around amongst the Friends of the Dog and reported that the latter was a Pestilential Nuisance and a Sneak-Thief. Moral—Never try to defend yourself by explanation or apology. The safest course is to give as good as is sent. When two persons begin to quarrel, the world will wag its head and remark: "Six in one, half-a-dozen in the other."—*Boston Transcript.*

A BERKS COUNTY woman has no faith in the "hot water cure." She poured a kettle of boiling water over her husband for coming home drunk, but it didn't do a particle of good.—*Norristown Herald.*

JAY GOULD gave up whiskey twenty-five years ago, since which time he has made fifty million dollars. Some men will sacrifice everything for money.—*Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.*

WEST SHORE STILL ALIVE.
Train Service and Accommodations
Better Than Ever.

There are changes and rumors of changes, but the only changes that have thus far taken place on the West Shore Railway are in the interest of travelers. Trains have been making fast time; excursion tickets are on sale; the rates are still liberal, and no effort is being spared to accommodate passengers. The ordinary coaches on the West Shore Railway are hand some and very comfortable, while the Pullman Buffet Parlor and Sleeping Cars are unequalled.

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THE GREAT RELISH.

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ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
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Business Suits to order from \$20.00
Trousers " " 5.00
Dress Suits " " 30.00
Fall Overcoats " " 18.00

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Samples and rules for self-measurement sent on application.

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THE BEST HAIR DRESSING COCOAINE
It kills Dandruff, promotes the Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head and all Irritation of the Scalp.

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FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Infantile and Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BACK ACHE, Uterine Pains, Soreness and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 25 cents.

EPITHELIOMA!

OR SKIN CANCER.

For seven years I suffered with a cancer on my face. Eight months ago a friend recommended the use of Swift's Specific, and I determined to make an effort to procure it. In this I was successful, and began its use. The influence of the medicine at first was to somewhat aggravate the sore; but soon the inflammation was allayed, and I began to improve after the first few bottles. My general health has greatly improved. I am stronger, and am able to do any kind of work. The cancer on my face began to decrease and the ulcer to heal, until there is not a vestige of it left—only a little scar marks the place.

Mrs. JOICIE A. McDONALD.

Atlanta, Ga., August 11, 1895.
Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta Ga.
N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A BOOM IN HAIR.

Seguh's wonderful hair soap makes hair grow on bald heads and moustaches on barren lips. Sells on its merits. \$1.00 per cake. Can be obtained of druggists and barbers, or will be mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by GERMAN RECIPE CO., N. Y. P. O. Address, BOX 544.

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IF YOU ARE MARRIED or contemplating taking this important step we can send you valuable information which you ought to know. Send your address and we will send you 16 page pamphlet FREE. Address: 280 OGDEN ST. CO., 131 Rose Street, New York.

A WILD specimen of the native Virginian entered Staunton the other day, and asked credit for some tobacco and sugar at a grocery, promising to pay in six weeks.

"On what do you base your expectations of being able to pay in that time?" asked the grocer.

"On coon-skins," was the prompt reply.

"But you may not catch any coons."

"Oh, as to that, I've got seventeen of 'em already plugged up in a holler tree, and am only waitin' for the fur to git prime."

He got the goods.—*Wall Street News.*

A LONDON caterer has noticed that opera-goers make a "run" on beer on nights when Wagner music is produced, while on Strauss occasions the demand is equally as great for wine. This is important, if true; but we should have thought that on Wagner nights they would have made a run on gun-stores or dynamite dealers.—*Norristown Herald.*

At the last meeting of the Conundrum Club the following was propounded:

"What is the difference between woman's sphere and woman's fear?"

After a long and severe struggle the conundrum was given up, and the perpetrator said:

"One is a house, the other a mouse."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE were twenty-one million buttons made in this country last year. And when a man is waiting for his wife, preparatory to her going out with him, he imagines she's secured at least twenty million of them on her gloves.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A HOOSIER murderer, who was executed last week, so far forgot himself as to faint on the scaffold; but he did not bring additional disgrace upon his state by failing to make a speech. He delivered an eloquent farewell oration.—*Exchange.*

Pleasant to the taste and surprisingly quick in relieving Coughs and Colds, it is not at all strange that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has displaced so many other Cough remedies.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Used now over the whole civilized world. Try it, but beware of imitations. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.



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Beauty and Fragrance

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth pearly white, the gums rosy, and the breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

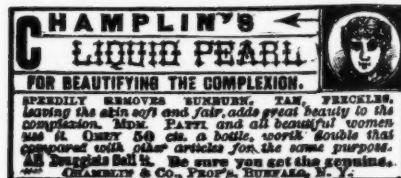
ANGLO-SWISS MILK.

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Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

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84

The Death Records.

FRIGHTFUL MORTALITY—LUNG AND BRONCHIAL DISEASES.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar Changing the Balance to the Health Side of the Account.

Before pharmaceutical research had developed the great PULMONIC above-named, the cough mixtures of the day presented no adequate protection against the speedy development of fatal forms of lung diseases. To palliate was all that they could do in a majority of cases. But since HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR was introduced, persons suffering from severe COUGHS and COLDS, from ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, etc., have been enabled to avail themselves, at trifling cost, of an article which affords them a reliable means of cure, and a genuine defense. *There are dangerous imitations.* Ask for HALE'S by its full name, and take no substitute. Three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 per bottle.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One Minute.

German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions.



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NO MORE BLOOD-STRANGLING GARTERS.

Recommended by all the Leading Physicians.

Children's one attachment. 6c. a pair.

Misses' two 8c. "

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Stocking, abdominal, and Catamenial

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DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR



For removing Mustache, Whiskers, or hair on bald heads in 20 to 30 days. Extra Strength, Quick, Safe, Sure. No other remedy. For 3 Days, close the work. Will grow it or forfeit \$100.00. Price per Pkg. with directions sealed and postpaid 25c. 3 for 50c. stamps or silver. Smith Mfg. Co., Palatine, Ill.

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WORK FOR ALL! \$5 to \$8 per day easily made. Costly outfit FREE. Address: 255 P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

Numbers 9, 10 and 26 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy.

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Microscopes, Telescopes, Field and Opera Glasses, Magic Lanterns, etc.; also, Barometers, Thermometers, Compasses, Batteries, Drawing, Drainage, Dairy, and other Scientific Instruments. 192-227. Catalogue free. PRENTICE & SON, Opticians, 178 Broadway, N.Y.

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STOMACH BITTERS,
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Together 7,900 PREMIUMS, amounting to 2,189,000 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the First of December, and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of DECEMBER, UNTIL 6 P. M., is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS, and inclosing \$6, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balances payable in monthly installments. For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

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160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as lately decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.
N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English Puck.

I met the girl of the
And gently took her
I thought I'd pop the
But I didn't have the S&S.

—St. Joseph Gazette.

THE Detroit Free Press says some fellow has patented "an automatic stool that shuts up when the cow kicks." This may be a valuable invention, but we don't believe the ingenuity of man is capable of producing a contrivance that will cause the milker to shut up when the cow kicks. That is the time he or she opens out and uses language. —Norristown Herald.

We see that a bizarre building in Chicago is to be decorated with "life-size griffins in terra cotta." That is like Chicago. In no other city in the world would an architect profess to know what is "life-size" for an imaginary creature which never lived at all. —Buffalo Express.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy, Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists'. 303

PHONOGRAPHY, or Phonetic Short Hand. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard, with alphabet and illustration for beginners, sent on application. Address: 12 PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. CURED HIMSELF in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City. 326

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THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,
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THE LARGEST HORSE SHOW EVER HELD.

The Best Horses in America Exhibited.

MUSIC BY ARBUCKLE'S MILITARY BAND.

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State if you wish
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WORTH SENDING FOR DISEASES OF THE LUNGS

Dr. J. H. Schenck has just published a book on
DISEASES OF THE LUNGS
and HOW THEY CAN BE CURED,
which he offers to send FREE, post-paid, to all ap-
plicants. It contains valuable information for all who
suppose themselves afflicted with, or liable to any
disease of the throat or lungs. Mention this paper.
Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia. 263



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THE BEST EVER PRODUCED.

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HAYWARD HAND GRENADES are used as directed, and thus conflagrations or disastrous fires are prevented. Be cautious and don't purchase Worthless imitations. Send to us for full particulars and one of our new pamphlets containing proofs of the wonderful efficiency of our Grenades in extinguishing actual fires. No farmhouse, barn, private residence, hotel, public building or manufactory should be without their protection. We want fire, active, reliable men for agents in the United States. Address

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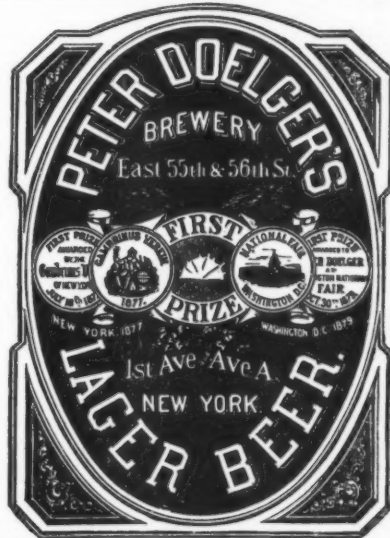
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